

THE NEW UNITY

For Good Citizenship, Good Literature; and Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion.

OLD SERIES, VOL. 34.

CHICAGO, DECEMBER 31, 1896.

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Close to Ninety

Here now I stand, upon life's outer verge,
Close at my feet, an ocean wide and deep,
Dark, still, silent and without a surge,
Where Earth's past myriads lie in dreamless sleep.
'Tis here I stand, without a thrill of fear,
In loneliness allied to the sublime;
The broken links of love, that bound me here,
Lie scattered on this treacherous shoul of Time.
But still I cling to friends who yet remain,
Still love the glorious scenes that round me lie;
Striving to stay the waste of years in vain,
As swifts yet the winged moments fly.
I deem, I seek, the future to explore,
I partly know what is, but mought that is before.
Oreston Illinois John Howard Bryant
November 1896

SEE EDITORIAL NOTE.

Way & Williams + Publishers + The Monadnock
Chicago

THE REAL ISSUE.

THIS IS NOT A POLITICAL TREATISE,
BUT A BOOK OF ROUSING STORIES.

You Needn't Be Ashamed of Kansas.

If your eastern friends have sent you a marked copy of "What's the Matter With Kansas," return the compliment by sending them "The Real Issue." It's an antidote—on the theory that the hair of the dog is good for his bite. "The Real Issue" is a book of Kansas stories, romances, sketches and tales. They are old-fashioned stand up for Kansas stories.

Here's what the papers say:

Buffalo (N. Y.) "Commercial:" There is some very good work in the stories told by W. A. White under the title of the "Real Issue." They give one unquestionably a vivid presentation of certain phases of western life. The humor in these stories is racy and the pathos impressive. There is about the book a savor of genuineness and originality that is refreshing.

Wichita "Eagle:" The author's deep devotion to the State, his belief that it is greater, better, prettier than all the states beside, glows in this story. Every Kansas man should read this book.

St. Louis "Globe-Democrat": The "Real Issue" deals with the peculiar politics and domestic life which have made Kansas the most talked about state in the Union. The author is a keen observer, a shrewd analytic dissector of every phase of Kansas humanity and withal possesses a rugged humor that runs through every stroke of his virile pen.

Scranton (Pa.) "Tribune:" In that editorial Mr. White was the caustic and the humorous partisan. But in these fifteen stories we have him revealed with ready humor softened by equally ready sympathy and both dominated by vigorous masculinity.

Chicago "Post:" The impression gained by reading Mr. White's tales is not dissimilar to the first idea of Kipling. Mr. White has pathos that goes with true humor.

Boston "Globe:" The "Real Issue" contains a collection of original and interesting stories showing a deep insight into human nature with much of sympathy for its failures and weaknesses.

Philadelphia "Ledger:" Stories from Kansas are unusual enough to invite attention. These in the "Real Issue" have other merit than novelty. They are interesting. They are picturesque; they are true in local color, character and purpose, and are well worth reading.

Hartford (Conn.) "Courant:" There are fresh observations and a happy touch in William A. White's book. Mr. White has decided humor, and he narrates local life with a good deal of literary flavor and an occasional bit of pathos that is unstrained and true. We shall hope for more from Mr. White.

New York "Sun:" The stories entitle Mr. White to a high place among American short story writers. He has the sense of humor well developed, a fund of imagination and a pleasant style. The stories are well worth reading.

Get a book for the friends who have gone away. It will bring them back to Kansas. The first edition has been sold and the second edition is about ready.

For Sale by All Booksellers. Price \$1.25.

Way & Williams, Chicago.

THE NEW UNITY

VOLUME IV.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1896.

NUMBER 18.



TO unite in a larger fellowship and co-operation, such existing societies and liberal elements as are in sympathy with the movement toward undogmatic religion, to foster and encourage the organization of non-sectarian churches and kindred societies on the basis of absolute mental liberty; to secure a closer and more helpful association of all

these in the thought and work of the world under the great law and life of love; to develop the church of humanity, democratic in organization, progressive in spirit, aiming at the development of pure and high character, hospitable to all forms of thought, cherishing the spiritual traditions and experiences of the past, but keeping itself open to all new light and the higher developments of the future.—*From Articles of Incorporation of the American Congress of Liberal Religious Societies.*

Editorial.

*All is now secure and fast;
Not the gods can shake the Past;
Flies—to the adamant door
Bolted down forevermore.
None can re-enter there,—
No thief so politic,
No satan with a royal trick
Steal in by window, chink, or hole,
To bind or unbind, add what lacked,
Insert a leaf, or forge a name,
New-face or finish what is packed,
Alter or mend eternal Fact.*

EMERSON.

Eighteen Hundred and Ninety-Seven has seized the eagles and it bears them forward. Let us be prepared to follow them "through clouds," to the light of righteousness, to the silence of the judgment that is ever enthroned. Let this be our quest. Through mistakes to wisdom, through pain to peace, through ignorance to knowledge, through meanness to goodness, out of self into unselfishness, out of death into life.

We take pleasure in presenting on our title-page an autograph sonnet of the Patriarch of Princeton, Ill. John Howard Bryant is a brother of William Cullen Bryant, himself so much a poet that in his day warranted the humor of some good judges of poetry when they spoke of William Cullen as "the brother of John Bryant the poet." Mr. Bryant has been a sage of Illinois for over half a century, was co-patriot with the Lovejoys, the Trumbulls and the Lincolns, and is still young, and his face is, as of old, turned toward the light.

A correspondent writes: "If we only could or would carry in our hearts at all times the kindness and good-will of the yule-tide season, what a glorious old world this would be." Sure enough. Our quest

should be to have three hundred and sixty-five Christmas days in the year,

"When every day of all the year
Is fraught with acts and words sincere."

The publishers of THE NEW UNITY desire to say that, owing to an error, the Christmas verses on the front page of the last number were printed without the signature. The name Lillian W. Rountree should have been inserted.

A commendable movement is afoot in Chicago to carry the ministry of art and music into the poorer sections of our city, using the various settlements (of which there are now, we believe, a dozen or more) as the centers. Prof. Tomlins, always aggressive in the interest of the things that make for culture, is one of the leaders of the movement. The cause deserves cordial support.

The Peace Association of Friends, with its headquarters at Richmond, Ind., sends forth its annual Christmas appeal to ministers and religious societies, asking them to further the interest by special service. Literature on this subject will be gladly furnished by Secretary Daniel Hill, Richmond, Ind. There are many more spectacular societies than this, many causes better adapted to catch the enthusiasm of the hour, but we know of no society more related to the permanent interests and the abiding needs.

We have called attention elsewhere to the elevation of the Sunday school problems to the serious consideration of our magazines. The *Sunday School Times*, in its prospectus for next year, shows some hopeful growth in the same direction. Prof. Sanders of Yale is to conduct a social department and Ian MacLaren, Zangwell, Prof. Mahaffy and others are to contribute articles on Paul, and the tone of the music is to be elevated and a general foundation of thought is promised in the interest of a work too much confined to mere emotion and good intentions.

A striking innovation was witnessed in this city during the holiday week. The House of the Good Shepherd, belonging to a retired order of sisterhood, devoted to the sacred work of reclaiming and sustaining the most pathetic and helpless of dependents, the "Magdalens," was opened to the public for a Reception and a Benefit. We know not how to estimate the significance of this event. Whether it is an index of the desperation to which hard times pushes all institutions, or the loosening of the churchly vows and ascetic bands, the stronghold of the Catholic Church itself gradually yielding to disintegrating influences, or still more subtle causes, of some things we are sure, that in their own way this sisterhood is doing a blessed work,

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an exceptional work, and that a Protestant public is learning more and more to love and trust them for the good they do, and that His Grace, Archbishop Feehan, in granting a dispensation for this innovation, has himself felt the pulse of the times and the pressure of the non-Catholic world.

The telegraph brings us the startling news that Morris Bostwick, leader of the Ethical Society of Milwaukee, has passed into the great beyond, sinking rapidly under an attack of typhoid fever. His death came suddenly on the 26th. We have no particulars. A young man of highest ideals, of fine powers and consecrated purposes, has come to what to human vision seems an untimely end. The editor of this paper knew Morris as a child, drinking deeper than he then knew out of the ministry of his Janesville work. He has watched his growth with pride and was learning to love and trust him as a son. The young life has gone out in promise, leaving his loving bride, the loyal young society at Milwaukee, the family circle at Janesville and a growing constituency that was learning to know his voice as that of a shepherd to mourn. We join in their mourning, sharing their sorrow, and invoke the power that will enable us to rise into a grief worthy him we mourn. He began a work which others must complete. Let his memorial be the advancement of the cause he loved.

We feel like thanking everybody on behalf of everybody for the beautiful Christmas tokens that have been crossing and recrossing from heart to heart. Of course those are the most interesting tokens that have carried the most personality. When it snows it is difficult to signal out any specific crystal among the starry host to specifically note its beauty, but among the unique remembrances that have floated to our table we would mention the rhymed greeting of Edward Everett Hale to the Lend-a-Hand Clubs; the Edwin D. Mead card with the great saying from Channing put into red type, with a reproduction of the impressive Channing statue; the poems of Miss Alice Gordon, some of which have graced our columns from time to time, have shyly crept into a pretty pamphlet for the Christmas time, and our neighbor, B. R. Bulkeley of Unity Church, has confessed himself a servant of the muse in the same way, while the ever-pressing, tender and true Jasper Douthit and his wife send their greeting to their friends in a card with the high Bible scripture, "Steadfast unto the end," following with a new day text which says,

"Looking towards sunrise
And working for the better day."

Accompanying the card is a slip containing "words to live by and die by," from Wordsworth, Dickens and Edwin Hatch, which words will surely find their way into our columns eventually.

Among the Christmas remembrances none were more welcome than the kindly words which came to us from our contributors and readers encouraging THE NEW UNITY in its struggle to hold its own and gain new growth. Perhaps our readers need to be encouraged as well as we. Here are some of the words for them as for us. An Indiana sister writes: "I would rather

miss my dinner than a week's NEW UNITY." A Dakota reader: "THE NEW UNITY has been so much to me that I have asked and obtained permission to place it on file in the library of Yankton College." A Wisconsin reader: "I am greatly strengthened and cheered by the noble utterances I find in THE NEW UNITY." A venerable reader in Michigan: "Nothing but financial misfortune and old age prevents me from liberal contributions to the cause which THE NEW UNITY represents. Please continue my subscription." Another unlocated subscriber says: "I most heartily wish I could send you a long list of subscribers who would prize the paper as I do. I have been a subscriber from its first number, and it bids fair to become of age as a member of our household." A St. Louis reader: "Among the great avalanche of papers, magazines, etc., that find their way to my desk, none command more loving interest and attention than does THE NEW UNITY. I watch every step forward, every new feature and improvement added to it, and find that it stimulates all that is best in my thought and work. Mr. White's recent word on 'The New Civic Church' was to our needs. I placed several copies in the hands of orthodox clergymen."

A Tale That Is Told.

The year is dying! Eighteen hundred and ninety-six, the year of pomp and parade, of noise and oratory; the year of enthusiasm and of anxiety, of wild hopes and wilder fears; the year of strain and want—shriveled and shrunken—has passed into the shadows. It is too soon yet to wisely sum up the result or to measure the significance. We are still in the "clouds and darkness." We may not see the radiance around the throne, or perchance dare not believe that it rests upon "judgment and righteousness."

But even now all confess that we did not always wisely choose the object of our enthusiasm. Even in the perspective of the twelve months how much wiser could we administer what little of strength and money we have had if we had it all to do over again in the light of the past experience? Already we see that the political fever was a superficial one. The blessings promised by one party have not yet been realized, at least; the calamities threatened by the other have not come. The settlement of the ballot box did not settle as much as was expected, and the old pinch and strain, the awful sense of ill-administered resources and poorly distributed abundance is still upon us. In the light of the latest disgrace to the city of Chicago, where a great bank, trusted as a bank ought to have been trusted, administered presumably by men of unquestioned integrity, has gone down, carrying consternation and suffering along with it, one sees that there is a previous question that has been lying back of the year's political agitations. The integrity is still unquestioned, but the administration is in doubt. Banking laws may be defective; the vexed question of currency is not yet finally solved for the civilized world; but the vaulting ambition of individuals, the overweening confidence of preoccupied men, who have allowed their names to remain where their attention and vigilant integrity are not

applied, is the greater danger, and has proved in this, as in thousands of other cases, the greater evil. We have been taking not too much thought of national honor or of legislative potency, but we have been taking too little thought of private responsibility and personal sanity and public integrities.

After all the individual soul is the unit of the state, the personal conscience is the foundation of the nation, and no amount of patriotic enthusiasm or of public spirit will atone for neglect of private morals and personal conduct. In the light of recent agitations may we not say in the name of 1896 that about the only *indispensable* requisite in any officer, from the president down through state legislature, city council to the letter carrier and the policeman on the street, is a conscience that is quick and a personal integrity that can be trusted? Given these, false social theories will be corrected and perplexing problems will sooner or later be beaten out clear. Taking the wider view of the international problems, surely "clouds and darkness" have been round about us. Armenia, Cuba, Abyssinia all bespeak outrages unutterable, wrongs incalculable. We have not been able to see how one murder can be atoned by the committing of another. We hold war so low as a peace measure, and believe the sword is so clumsy a weapon of justice that we regard it as a terrible, a grim alternative, absolutely the last court of appeal. As we look back across the year and see the mangled corpses of women and children in Armenia and see the patriotic files of Cuba cut down and their leaders treacherously betrayed, do we not begin to see that our war clamor was far too rough and clumsy a remedy?

The miserable hesitancy, the craven indecision of all the powers of Europe concerning Armenia and Cuba ought to have been broken not by the peal of cannon, but by such an appeal to reason, such a concert of national and international protest, such commercial suasion, such a conspiracy of justice and humanity on the part of the outlying powers, that the Porte of Constantinople would have turned pale and his chair would have trembled under him, and the Spanish power would have been able to see that "righteousness and judgment are the habitations of his throne," even in Cuba. Not the interference of battle, but the interference of conscience and of commerce is what might have stayed the flow of Armenian blood and have brought liberty to the Cuban patriots ere this. Liberty is the right of the human soul wherever it may be. It is as much the prerogative of the resident on the little island that we can see across, as it is of the citizens whose flag flaps over a continent, and the strongest nation ought to be pledged to the defense of that liberty to the weakest. How the wise Abraham Lincoln pled for the economy and the wisdom of buying outright every slave claimed by the southern master, and a few of the far-seeing slaveholders themselves recognized the wisdom, but others said it was too expensive a process on the one side or the other. What bad financiering was the war of the Rebellion. Cuba longs to be free. Spain clutches her property. The cost of one week's aggressive campaign on the part of the United States on Cuban soil, with all a war with Spain implies, would buy up that banana garden of the West Indies at an extravagant price. This is the cheapest thing the United States, assisted, if possible, by other sympathetic powers, can do. Then once having bought it, let them make a present of the quit-claim deed to the residents of Cuba. Let them decide how they will be governed and what relations they desire to maintain with their neighbors. One war can ever rectify the

damages of another war. The enginery of peace is more potent than the enginery of battle.

Eighteen ninety-six has not been without its great triumphs and its epoch-marking incidents.

Let it be held in everlasting gratefulness that the great marvel which 1895 left on the threshold of 1896 has been appropriated by the patient men of science. Those who have believed in the integrity of the universe that is not—me, outside of, independent of the human soul. The "X" ray of Roentgen has revealed the bullet's hiding place in the body of man, has enabled us to see the bones in the human hand, and has wonderfully stimulated that quest for reality which will enable us slowly, but surely, to throttle the pestilence and thwart the plague, anticipate the famine, so that the whole race may be elevated into sanity and joy.

The so-called material triumphs of 1896 are themselves magnificent triumphs of spirit. But 1896 does not stop there. In less than thirty-seven years after the hanging of an outlaw in Virginia, the home of John Brown in the Adirondacks—monumented in granite, in matchless oratory, in the undying gratitude of the human heart—has been turned over as a park to the state of New York to be held forever in the interests of the public as a shrine of human liberty. This same year the hand that wrote the great thirteenth article of the constitution of the United States, "Neither slavery nor involuntary servitude, except as a punishment for crime, whereof the party shall have been duly convicted, shall exist within the United States or any place subject to their jurisdiction," lost its cunning, and our own great senator, Lincoln's inestimable comfort, Lyman Trumbull, passed out of this world's life into his deathless place in history. One week later the hand that had anticipated John Brown, Lincoln and Trumbull, the prophetic hand of woman, loosed its grasp on this world and took its well-merited rest, the hand of Harriet Beecher Stowe, whose pen proved mightier than the sword.

If Lyman Trumbull was "the old man eloquent" of Chicago, William H. Furness was "the old man eloquent" of Philadelphia. In his ninetieth year he went young to his rest. Following in their train let us speak with gratitude the names of Joseph Wesley Harper, the veteran publisher of New York; of John Everett Millais, the president of the Royal Academy of England; of George Du Maurier, whose genius enabled him to use both the pen and the brush to the delight and joy of human souls; of Mrs. Tennyson and Mrs. Darwin, to whom was given the heavenly mission of holding up the hands of the mighty Aarons of modern time, the one singing the songs of the human heart, the other telling the measures in the song of creation.

Brave, dear Robert Burns! You were right when, under the clouds of disgrace and distrust, you went to your death with a courage that enabled you to say: "I will be more respected one hundred years after I am dead than I am at present." The Burns centennial, celebrated this year, suggests the Hungarian millennium which was also celebrated this year with much rejoicing. A thousand years of defeat, a thousand years of turmoil, a thousand years that fixed the place of Hungary forever among the European lesser powers. It is a lost kingdom, a defeated nationality, but its story is the story of a thousand years' quest for liberty, a thousand years' hunger for progress, a thousand years' uncalculating service to humanity, hence the joyous celebration.

A New Type.

I chanced to look into one of our huge dailies that contained a picture of a football team and another of a group of Pawnee Indians. The resemblance was so

close that I was startled with an unconscious exclamation, we Americans are creating a new type—and that type is so like the Comanches that the causes must be essentially the same as made the savage. The hair is half parted in the middle, and drops down loweringly over the forehead, where it lies cropped to a wild, weird, barbaric length. The shoulders are broad, with a full chest; but the head sets over as if about to thrust itself at you. The mouth is a straight line—the curves are all out of it. The eyes have no question; only a mean selfish grit. The nose is spudded and fleshy—not a bit like the leaning tower on Emerson's face, or the classic interrogative on Longfellow's, or the joker on Holmes'. The whole expression is brute force, not moral force nor intellectual force. Is this a permanent tendency of the new American—the collegian—the best, the most educated—the future leader?

It is pleasant to be reminded that the tinker precedes the professor, and that all phases of evolution come first in the rough. It is hardly twenty years since Kingsley and Maurice and Robertson began to preach a gospel of health and muscular integrity. England needed it, and America needed it more than England; for our type of the student had degenerated far more than theirs. I remember a talk with Miss Kingsley the last time that her father visited America. She exclaimed with amazement at the inability of American women to walk. She had just come in from a twelve-mile stroll. Our college boys were of the small-waisted and bloodless sort—altogether cerebral, and lacking calves and stomachs. It was held wise to burn the midnight oil. The body was not recognized as a partner in the matter of education.

The change to the muscular, brusque, bluff, well-chested, stout-legged type has come so suddenly that it is not to be wondered at if the brute force element has secured more than its just toleration.

The simple question is, are we in danger of creating a type as far from the well-balanced, manly man as that which has been displaced. Certainly there is nothing to be said in favor of a drift that exchanges effeminacy for brutality. We do not wish to become Pawnees. Are the college professors meeting as often to arrange intellectual combats as to organize athletic schedules? Can the two not go side by side? Is there in our colleges as strong a grip on the courtesies and humanities of student life as is desirable? Are we still to a considerable extent involved in mediæval nonsense and traditions? What is at the bottom of hazing? Why do our best lads fall in with such inhumanities? Will athletics as now developing foster the meaner atrocities of hazing; or displace them with open slugging and kicking in free combat; or will the end be a brave, generous helpful manhood?

Is there really any end or aim ahead in our present athletics, except to beat? It is true that in order to beat there is a training that involves temperance, good diet, no tobacco or strong drinks—and pure air with judicious exercise. But are these the end sought after? In a few cases they are the result; but I have looked over the field after the combat too often to believe that as yet the spirit of temperance and self-government is being developed. The riot that follows a league contest is too certain a pointer. What, then, are we under obligation to give up this athletic evolution, this assertion of the physical in comparison with the intellectual and moral; or are we to go farther and seek a balance of the whole powers of the human being? The revival of Olympic games must not be considered as a revival of Greek education, or the Greek spirit, until the discus and the race are mated with combats of mind. The Greek surpassed all other races in his day because he undertook to educate the whole person—to make a healthy, wise citizen. E. P. P. □

The Word of the Spirit.

"Get thee up into the high mountain; lift up thy voice with strength: be not afraid!"

The Church and Social Classes.

AN ADDRESS GIVEN AT THE LIBERAL CONGRESS AT INDIANAPOLIS ON THURSDAY AFTERNOON, NOVEMBER 19, BY
W. C. GORDON, MICHIGAN CITY, IND.

"The church is awaking to the fact that the sociological problems of the age are distinctively her own. This is a gain whose value to the kingdom of God cannot be put into words and figures. For ages the church has been discussing questions of doctrine, history and ecclesiastical government with the dullness of a man in a doze or the bitterness of a man in a rage, until unsympathetic beholders have either laughed in derision or hissed in scorn. Even idle spectators have expected better things of the followers of Him who came to bring more abundant life.

"But it is not for us of to-day to blame or excuse the past. We have our own work to do, and for it are demanded all our powers of brain and heart. 'Cantankerousness is worse than heterodoxy,' said General Armstrong. It is also worse than orthodoxy. To quibble or quarrel or fight over any peccadilloes of creeds of isms, ancient or modern, while our cities are putrefying at the heart, while society is left to petrify in unsympathetic strata and any suffering child of the loving Father is seen to stretch out his hands in vain to his brother,—this is more than folly, it is crime.

"There are those who say that in our beloved land there are no social stratifications. It is said that every man walking beneath the shadow of Old Glory becomes a king. The ballot, the emblem of sovereignty, is in his hand and with it he crowns and dethrones, legislates and repeals, as he will. The fulsome rhetoric that this theme has called forth does not disguise for us the facts which are plain as the sun in the heavens. We have our four hundred and our submerged tenth. We have our upper half which is utterly, grossly ignorant of how the other half lives.

"From top to bottom society is stratified and in many cases the only relation which one stratum has to another is that of juxtaposition. It has been said that the worst feature of the good citizen is his ignorance and his ignorance of his ignorance. In a multitude of homes and factories throughout our land the truth of that statement is being demonstrated. The occupants of the parlor know no more of the inner life of the occupants of the kitchen than they know of the poets of the planet Mars. They are not at all certain that servants have any inner life. Yet our magazines and papers have had a vast deal to say about the gravity of the servant girl problem. The vague, fanciful, irrational solutions of this problem that have been offered are sufficient to compel even the most optimistic to doubt whether after all there is not some truth in the cynicism that affirms that 'the world is composed of some thousand million human beings—mostly fools.'

"How many employers have known anything more of the employed than the wages they were paid and whether or not they were doing satisfactory work? The walls of the office have effectually separated class from class in a double sense. The interest taken by one class in another has been so purely selfish that the naked eye has been able to see nothing else. We have reason to believe that an X ray more powerful than any yet known to science would be required to reveal what does not exist.

"There are crises in the history of every government, when the necessity of the recognition of a universal brotherhood is made apparent. When the red flag of anarchy is flaunted in defiance of the stars and stripes, when disorder runs riot in the streets of a great city and mobs are ready to demolish the property of corporation or hated monopolist, then how anxiously men look for someone of intelligence and courage and character to say

to this troubled sea of faces: 'Peace, be still,' with the power of a Christ on Galilee's Sea. Our Homesteads and Haymarkets taunt our souls with the memory of the many times we have looked in vain for such a deliverer.

"In a great political crisis we are temporarily inoculated with the truth that these knights of the loom and the spade can go to the polls and annul the ballots of any equal number of capitalists or college professors. This is not the time to question the wisdom of the policy that made that possible. It is here as an established fact and it is our business to recognize it and act accordingly. During the campaign just closed the political Zacchæus that for years had been resting high in his sycamore fairly scrambled to get down into the crowd and buttonhole voters of whose ballots he was afraid. For at least three years and nine months he had ignored their existence. Then what wonder that many were suspicious of the motives and words of one whom they had so seldom seen. For years he had shown no interest in their struggles and sufferings and sorrows, and his sudden conversion when his property was endangered seemed to them to predict as sudden a falling from grace when ballots had been cast and counted.

"Within a few weeks we have heard men condemned most bitterly for arraying class against class. No epithets have been too severe for some men to apply to those who are accused of doing this thing. We have no apologies to offer for the demagogue whatever his party or political creed. But condemnation of the demagogue does not alter any of the facts of which he has made use. If social classes had not been in existence, if men had not been ignorant or suspicious of each other, any man who had dared to remotely intimate that one class was seeking to enrich itself by oppression of another class, any man who had dared to hint at such a thing would have been hissed out of the most crowded hall this campaign has seen. Instead of censuring so bitterly those in either party who are accused of arraying class against class, would it not be quite as appropriate for us to seek to banish the condition which made these speeches possible?

"And what has the church to do with all this? Everything. Dr. Parkhurst affirms that 'There is not a live question in society or in state to-day that is not nine-tenths of it a question of morals.' With such questions the church is called of God to deal. That is her business. The problem of the existence of social classes is one of the greatest that confronts her to-day, for out of it come a thousand perils to society and church and state. It is not to be settled by economic theories but by carrying the spirit of the Christ into every relation in life until universal brotherhood shall be a fact in our streets, not merely an article in our written creeds.

"No other organization aside from the church professes to have this lofty ideal. The work is peculiarly, distinctively hers, though we have to admit if we look only at efforts now being made and results already accomplished that Tolstoi was right when he said that 'Christians do not believe that Christ meant what he said.' Prof. Ely has reiterated essentially the same truth in the forceful words, 'We do not carry out the principles of fraternity, and any claim that we do is mere ignorance or pretense,—hypocrisy of the kind condemned by Christ in the strongest language.' It requires only the open eye and a modicum of common honesty to see and admit the truth of this statement of fact.

"There are individuals and at least one type of organization, that constitute notable and honorable exceptions to the general rule. America has her Shaftesburys of more modest names and attainments, but of as divine a spirit as that of the great Englishman. America, too, has her social settlements, and these are the realization of the most rational and Christian idea for purifying and ennobling society that our century has seen. The settlement is an embodiment of the wisdom and courage of the 'Roman who shortened his sword and extended the bound of his empire.' This is obedience to the command of the Christ to go into the world and preach the gospel to every creature. The church has been above the world, waiting for the world to come to her long enough. To continue that experiment after seeing the wretched failure it has always been, is not perseverance of saints, but stupid obstinacy of sinners.

"The duty of the church to the social classes is defined

by the social settlement idea. Years ago Froebel said, 'Go live with the children,' and the education of to-day is throbbing with new life, because of its incarnation of Froebel's wisdom. When the church shall yield as perfect and glad an obedience to the words of Christ, Go into the world and preach the gospel, when the church shall preach its gospel by personal contact and sympathy and love, the whole round world will feel the tightening of the golden chain that binds it to the throne of God.

"Three words summarize the results for which we may hope and the methods which we are to employ. First, light. Classes need to know each other. Ignorance begets suspicion, suspicion begets injustice and crime. We only need to know each other to love each other. Father Taylor said that he had been in all quarters of the globe and he had never seen a human being that he could not love. The church is to go into this social darkness that hides class from class and say with the majesty of a God, let there be light, and the light from the God within her will break forth upon the world. Second, life. Life is not created—it is imparted. It is dormant in many souls and needs the touch of the 'divine incarnation brought down to date' to awake to vigorous action. But life cannot shoot through space. There must be contact and that, too, not merely between isolated points, between ministers and social leaders of every class, but between the church in all its membership, and the world which it is to redeem. The wealth and wisdom and strength of the church are debtors to the poverty and ignorance and weakness of every class that society knows. Third, love. This is the God within the church. Love abides and never faileth. When denominational greed and doctrinal bickerings are banished from the sacred precincts of the church, the divine love within her will take up the harp of life and bring from its strings inspired music that shall be the gladness of the world and forever drown the sounds of discord between those who ought to bear one another's burdens. 'Let your light so shine beforemen that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in heaven.' 'I am come that they may have life and may have it abundantly. A new commandment I give unto you that ye love one another as I have loved you.'"

A Noble Old Age.

"Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap," and the old age of any person will be the result of the life he has lived. The whole record of our lives is laid up within us. What we are at fifty, sixty, seventy and upward, is what we have been previous to that age. Whoever would have a happy and lovely old age, must prepare for it, as whatever the old age may be, it is the certain result of a lifetime. There must be a physical preparation for it, for good health is essential to successful and happy living all the way through.

No virtue is more excellent in an aged person than cheerfulness and old age without it is "a Lapland winter without a sun." It is a trait of character requiring cultivation, for there is much in life that militates against it. Fretfulness and despondency are very common faults of persons who have got beyond their youth. "The world would be better and brighter," says Sir John Lubbock, "if people were taught the duty of being happy as well as the happiness of doing our duty. To be happy ourselves is a most effectual contribution to the happiness of others."

To have constant occupation to the end of life is a great help to cheerfulness, as well as a great blessing. "I have lived long enough," said Dr. Adam Clarke, "to learn that the secret of happiness is never to allow one's energies to stagnate." And bodily and mental decay are both retarded, even in old age, by the constant, but not excessive, use of our powers.

But to work and live only for oneself will by no means promote one's happiness. On the contrary, it is sometimes a fruitful source of intensest misery. The secret of many a joyless life, which has gone out in bitterness, insanity or suicide, may be found in the selfishness which dominated it from its beginning to its close. Only that work which is done wisely and lovingly for others is rewarded with perennial joy. For that is to live in love, which is to live in God. And to live in love is to live in everlasting youth.

Whoever shall enter old age by this royal road will find the last of life to be the very best of life. The fever of life is over with the aged. They do not fear the world, for they have learned how rightly to estimate it. They do not lament the days that are gone, nor the pleasures that have departed, for they know a grander to-morrow awaits them than has ever dawned upon their vision. They have mastered the tasks assigned them in the first school of the soul, and are awaiting their promotion to wiser teachers and nobler studies.—*Mary A. Livermore in Friend's Intelligencer and Journal.*

The Liberal Congress.

Hospitable to All Forms of Thought: Everyone Responsible for His Own.

1896.

Old year farewell; thy tale is told,
Thy golden mile-stones all passed by,
We watch the joyous scenes of old,
We catch the breath of many a sigh;
We view the wrecks of deeds undone,
We count the moments we misspent,
And how from morn 'till set of sun,
We used the time God to us lent.

Old year farewell; it matters not,
We cannot grind with waters past,
And though in each beloved spot,
Thy radiant dreamings could not last;
We'll say "good-bye" and turn away
From all that's cold and dark and drear,
And count again the coming day,
Which brings to us the glad New Year.

1897.

Hail! all hail to the young child born,
Hail! all hail! on this New Year's morn;
There is wisdom in the young King's eyes,
There is justice in his grave replies;
And though he ne'er has been before,
He brings the love of the mystic shore,
And he mounts his throne a very King
As the happy bells their greetings ring.

Hail! all hail! to the glad New Year,
Let us onward move, with joy, not fear;
Let us heed the tones of the Master's voice,
Let us make the heart of the poor rejoice;
Let us sow the seed of the good and true,
"To others do" as we'd have them do;
And then when this King so newly born
Shall lie on his bier on that dying morn,
No regrets will come that will cause one sigh,
But with joy we'll shout '97 good-bye.

ABBIE W. GOULD.

Sacramental Love.

If I were a preacher, I should have an annual sermon in preparation for the series of wedding festivals which occur every June, just as much as I should have a children's Sunday or an Easter service every year. I should, perhaps, call my sermon Sacramental Love, love as a sacrament, in the old, undeveloped meaning of a sacred, solemn thing. I should impress upon the young people that love is the most sacred, solemn, divine thing in this wide universe; and that trifling with it, travestying it, deceiving, wounding, deserting it is the utmost desecration and the most belittling and damaging of sins. I should say to them that if the newspaper flings at the summer girl and her flirtations represent any reality at all, it is not only a vulgar reality, but a pitiful one. The young man who thinks that in playing at love or dabbling with passion he has run the gamut of emotion and knows what life is, is so sadly ignorant that he needs to be told in plain terms what he has missed. The humdrum family man, with his plain, conventional wife and noisy children, knows depths of feeling, profound and intense delights and pains of which the blasé bachelor does not dream.

To hold a pure and trustful child in one's arms as it sinks to sleep; to gaze into the dear little countenance and print a light kiss on the curly hair; to come home at night tired and discouraged, to meet the warm welcome and the cheerful, "never mind, dear;" to return after a journey with profound gratitude for the sight of the everyday, loving faces once more; to clasp a tender hand for sympathy in sorrow; these every-day, commonplace joys are really the most precious experience in life, and belong, if he will have them, to the ordinary man. He does not speak of the depth of his happiness even to the partner of it, perhaps, unless on the anniversary of the betrothal or

marriage; perhaps he does not even realize it himself until death robs him of it; and so it happens that the flippant outsider may ask, "Is marriage a failure?" and the young man may conclude to prefer his club and luxurious bachelorhood to the sacrifices of family life.

But the common man could tell him, if he would, that to eat a cold lunch alone in a dingy pantry, knowing that upstairs lies the precious, long-awaited newborn babe and its mother, safe through the dangerous ordeal, may be a meal more fraught with holy joy than any banquet of civic celebrities.

But these joys are only for those who love. I should tell my young audience, if I were a preacher, that they must not enter marriage thinking that love will take care of itself. Are any of the precious things of life to be had for nothing? Love needs to be cherished, cultivated, protected, sacrificed to. The young husband and wife will find the first few years of married life, which they had looked forward to as harmonious and unalloyed happiness, full of trials and trouble. But only through misunderstandings and explanations, hurt feelings and tender apologies, or often the sweet waiving of the need for apology, the magnanimous forgiving and forgetting on both sides, can love develop true firmness, depth and immutability.

"Take for your text, "Love suffereth long and is kind." "Love never faileth"—and tell them that suffering long means enduring neglect, rudeness, irritability, anger and many another hurt to one's pride. It may not, and I think it does not, mean enduring such things passively; it may include meeting them with such dignified self-assertion that they are vanquished; but it does mean that love will forgive, and will really forget slights to itself. Many of the troubles which get into the divorce courts have been equaled in now happy families, but were met by conscientiousness, fairness, magnanimity on one side or both, in the knowledge that love is too precious to lose without such effort to bring it back as we make to bring back departing life. How nobly Mrs. Ward has illustrated this in Sir George Tressady! Imagine a French novelist treating the situation, a favorite one, of a man falling in love with another man's wife, and making the wife turn to her husband, as Marcella to Lord Maxwell, with not only the whole story but with the appeal to become the other man's friend, resulting in the joint effort to restore the peace of the alienated George and Letty. Mrs. Ward's treatment of the situation reaches the sublime. Shakespeare's conception of jealousy gave us Othello; but we need characters in whom the conventional jealousy of the husband is replaced, as in Lord Maxwell, by perfect trust, sympathy and courageous altruism. Mrs. Ward has depicted it; it remains for the preacher to point the moral to the immature mind. Yes, if I were a preacher I should preach on this theme so eloquently and so often that there should never be a divorce in my parish, or a marriage entered into without love.

FLORENCE GRISWOLD BUCKSTAFF.

A Noble Thought.

When time returns to greet the early year,
And far behind us lies the wasted past,
When we perceive years quickly disappear—
All scattered like sere leaves upon the blast,
Then we make earnest vow that here and now—
The future shall in fairer form be cast!

Smile not, cynic, and deem it all unwise—
E'en for awhile a better life to feel,
To see one hour the world with angel eyes—
Would something lovable and grand reveal,
So that our souls would vow in this bright now—
To let that vision evil past conceal!

WILLIAM BRUNTON.

Ere sleep comes down to soothe the weary eyes,
How questioneth the soul that other soul—
The inner sense which neither cheats nor lies,
But self-exposes unto self a scroll
Full writ with all life's acts, unwise or wise,
In characters indelible and known;
So, trembling with the shock of sad surprise,
The soul doth view its awful self alone,
Ere sleep comes down to soothe the weary eyes.

—Paul Lawrence Dunbar.

The Gui-année in Illinois.



SONG OF THE GUI-ANNÉE.

(St. Genevieve version.)

Good master and mistress of the house
And people all, good-night to you;
This last day of the passing year
To us the Gui-année is due.

If you will give us nothing here, then tell us so;
But we will only ask that you a chine of pork bestow.
A chine of pork is no great prize,—
Four feet in length when of full size;
With all we'll make a fricassee
Which ninety feet in length shall be.

If you will give us nothing, then please say so here,
And we will only ask the oldest daughter to appear;
And her with hearty cheer we'll greet,
And we will warm her little feet.
And her with hearty cheer we'll greet,
And we will warm her little feet;

*Good master and mistress of the house
And people all, good night to you;
This last day of the closing year
To us the Gui-année is due.

* Two evidently modern stanzas are omitted here, as an interpolation.

On New Year's eve in 1889 I was sitting in the evening dusk in the public room of a quaint little inn, of which I was the sole guest, at the old French town of Prairie du Rocher, in Randolph County, Illinois, talking over with my host the observations of an interesting day in the old French Illinois, when my attention was arrested by the sound of tramping feet, laughing chatter, and sprightly music and song in the street beside the house.

To my curious inquiry as to what was going on outdoors my friendly landlord answered that it was the "Gui-année;" a New Year's eve performance, he continued, of the young men of the town, which had always been customary in Prairie du Rocher from the first settlement of the place. Stepping to the window I saw a procession passing, two and two, with a group of musicians at its head playing a violin, a guitar, and two or three horns. It was just crossing the street to a house opposite, the blinds of which were thrown open, flooding the walks with light. Before this house the procession halted, and all proceeded to sing some crude French verses to the tune which the musicians were playing. Presently the doors opened and the party trooped into the house with laughter and song, and from the windows came the sounds of a dance, still to the music which had been played and sung on the street.

Seeing my interest in the matter, my host good-naturedly asked if I would like to have the party come in; and when I eagerly replied that I should be much pleased to see them, he lighted the lamps, threw open the blinds, and disappeared up-town on a trot. I had scarcely time to wonder what I should do if he had left me there as the sole member of a reception committee, when he reappeared with conclusive evidence in his hand that he understood the etiquette of the occasion much better than I, which evidence was, I regret to say,—remember that we were, for the moment, in the seventeenth century,—a huge bottle of whisky. I really had not sufficient time to reflect on the consequences to the good cause of temperance if a member of the faculty of the University of Illinois were to witness the fate of that bottle, before the merry party were upon us, fiddling, twanging, tooting, laughing, dancing, romping, everyone doing something, and no one doing even the least thing too much.

This air of easy, free enjoyment in a general street crowd, with no trace of stiffness and no coarseness or excess, made me rub my eyes with wonder if I were really in our own Illinois. No, I was not; I was in old France for the time, and face to face with a living thing which could not have been more characteristic of a long-vanished past if it had started from a grave at my feet. And here it was, this old tradition, this lingering custom of a pagan peasantry, with sparkling eyes and color in its cheeks, dancing, singing, snapping its fingers,—and drinking, of course,—to the quaint, witching music of the "Gui-année." Too soon it withdrew with a joke and a laugh and a bow to the stranger guest, and took its way down the street to dance from house to house until the rosy dawn should warn it back to its retreat.

I quizzed my patient landlord until late at night, and on

my return home was fortunate enough to light upon an article on Canadian folk-lore written by a Canadian scholar,* which helped me to understand the performance I had seen.

The "Gui-année," called also the "Guignolée" and the "Ignolée," is an old mumming festival of ancient France, traceable by descent from a pagan ceremony performed on the Druidic New Year's day. In its original form this was indeed a dread and gruesome practice. "The arch-Druid," says Edward Farrer, "with golden knife cut the mistletoe from the parent oak, and as it fell into the outspread robes of his attendants the people cried, 'Au Gui, l'An Neuf,' and divided the plants among them. Two white bulls were slaughtered, and then a human sacrifice was offered, the victims being encased in cages of wicker-work. In later times this great Druidic ceremony dwindled into a mumming festival, at which the lads of the parish, arrayed in fantastic dresses, marched from house to house, begging good cheer for themselves and the poor." The villagers were accustomed to prepare supper for the visitors in advance, and to make ready a special gift of food, of which a pig's chine was the "pièce de résistance," for distribution to the poor.

The marching and the singing of a song very similar at any rate to that which I heard, and the various other features of the performances, were much the same in Lower Canada in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries as now at Prairie du Rocher. I regret to learn, however, that the local observance is rapidly fading away. In Canada, indeed, it has fallen into complete disuse, even in the remotest country districts. It was once a general fete among the Illinois French villagers, many of the processionists being masked and wearing odd costumes. It seems never to have been shared in by the women, but often, I was told, some of the young men would dress in women's clothes. It has never had, that I could learn, any religious features or significance in Illinois, but the procession pays its respects to religion by making its first call on the priest. Every house in town is visited in turn, except those whose windows are darkened as a sign that the inmates prefer not to be disturbed. The party is always in charge of a leader or marshal, whose business it is to see that everything passes off decently and in order, and whose word is said to be law on the delicate subject of the distribution of "refreshments."

From the leader of the village band at Prairie du Rocher I afterward got a copy of the melody which I had heard, and through the kindness of a gentleman of St. Genevieve, Mo., Mr. A. St. Gem, I secured the words of the French song as sung in that old town. The music and a translation are printed above in the hope that they may do something for the readers in kindling a light to shine upon the obscure pages of our early history.

S. A. FORBES.

Champaign, Ill.

* "The Folk-lore of Lower Canada," by Edward Farrer. *Atlantic Monthly*, April, 1882, p. 542. See also "Superstitions of the French Canadians," by Miss Blanche L. Macdonnell, *Popular Science Monthly* February 1894, (Vol. 44), p. 520.

The Home.

*Our daily life should be sanctified by doing common things
in a religious way.*

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—Confidence in daybreak modifies dusk.

MON.—The large heart requites itself.

TUES.—The broken heart is broadest.

WED.—We hope the unknown balm may ease the balm withdrawn.

THURS.—When you had gone the love came. The supper of the heart is when the guest has gone.

FRI.—Why the full heart is speechless is one of the great wherefores.

SAT.—I hope nothing mars your peace but its divinity—for ecstasy is peril.

—Emily Dickinson.

The Sweetest Flower.

Among the summer's lavish store
Each heart knows some familiar flower,
Dearest of all, whose subtle power
Unlocks, with fragrant key, the door
Of memory, and wakes again
A bygone joy, a bygone pain,
So keen, so sweet, that days long dead
Live with intensest life once more,
And we, with trembling footsteps, tread
The unforgotten ways of yore.
Ah! other flowers may fairer be,
But these alone, unfadingly,
Our youth, our past, to us restore.

—Priscilla Leonard, in *The Outlook*.

Tears cleanse the eyes, and struggle
But maketh brave hearts strong;
And over death triumphant
Hope sings her victor song.

A Southern Christmas.

BEFORE THE WAR.

Mammy was not in a good humor that night. Robin and Nell knew it by the lines that lay in uneven creases across her usually smooth, dark brow, and by the quick, jerky dabs she gave them when they came to be rubbed dry after their evening's splash in the big, tin bath-tub. Saucy Nell looked up into the beloved brown face and said:

"Oh Mammy, Mammy! Aren't you afraid to be cross to-night? Santa Claus won't bring you a Christmas gift, that's certain." Mammy's face never relaxed, and she turned the little damsel about not ungently saying:

"Now chil ef yo' don't keep yo' mouf shet de res' o' dem suds gwine tuh ren inside an' make a sody founting ob yo'."

Nell laughed, danced and wished they might. But when Robin's turn came, he twined his soft, slight arms around Mammy's neck, kissed her gently on the cheek and whispered, "Poor Mammy! Poor, dear Mammy!" This went straight to the old woman's heart. She gathered the boy close to her breast, and sat down with him near the warm fire, alternately rubbing and petting him while she grumbled forth her troubles:

"I neber seen sech times. Hyah's yo' Paw gwine off Chris'mas ebe, tarin' all ober de kentry. An when I ax yo' Maw wha' fo', fo' gracious? Den she say, 'fo' a law suit.' Mebbe! I dunno. He's gwine—dat's all right. Man dat's bo'n ob woman, got tuh clar out when duty calls. But yo' Maw—she suttinly ain' got no call tuh set down wid a long face by de fire, an' look like de Lawd nebber come down hyah on dis y'eth 'tall."

"It's too bad, Mammy, for we know that Christ was born on Christmas day," said Robin, adding, "And you

know very well that Mamma teaches us all about it from the testament."

"Law, yes, Honey!" said Mammy in more mollified tones. "I know. Teachin' 's one thing, practisin' 's anudder. An' I know your Maw ain' in no Chris'mas min' dis ebenin'. So yo' chillun better min' an' not mek her any mo' trebble, 'case she gwine tuh brek down ef yo' do, an' not be able to hol' her haid up termorrer."

Thus admonished the two very clean, meek-faced little children clad in snow-white night dresses, walked on either side of Mammy to the fireside in their mother's room, and seated themselves quietly in their tiny chairs, with the silent drooping figure in the rocker between them. Mammy brought out the testaments as usual, and after handing one to her mistress and one to each child, took her seat in the background on a footstool, where she rocked her body to and fro and shook her head very solemnly.

"Mamma," broke forth Nell, "is it wicked to be unhappy on Christmas eve?"

Robin looked shocked at the daring little speaker. But this time pertness saved, where love failed, and a faint smile flickered over the young mother's face. She put her hand gently on the little girl's golden head and said:

"I believe it is."

"Then what makes you so sad? And Mammy over there," with a stamp of the little bare foot, and an impatient glance in poor Mammy's direction, "it makes me cross to see her do this," and the naughty little mimic plumped down and imitated Mammy so ludicrously, that Mamma, Robin and even melancholy Mammy herself, laughed heartily.

"To-night," said the mother, when quiet was restored, "we will read about the Star of Bethlehem, the Shepherds, the wise men, and the infant Jesus, the Christ-child who came to earth bringing peace and good-will."

"That is right, you blessed little woman!" cried a gay young voice from the doorway, and all looked around quickly, almost affrightedly, while Mammy exclaimed with pious fervor, "De Lawd!"

The pretty picture that Althea Du Plessy made never left the hearts and minds of the little group about the hearth. A tall, slight figure wrapped in a long, full white cloak. The hood bordered with swan's-down fell back from the lovely head and left uncovered her soft, loose curls, which, crumpled and tossed, looked like golden threads. Her blue eyes were filled with a happy, glad, loving light, and her fair, rosy young face might have represented the Christ-child's, so pure, so good and earnest it looked.

"De good Lawd sent her," said Mammy afterward. "An' when she bust in dat night I was sure de Christ-chil' dun come down."

The children, who were at first awed by the unexpected visit, soon forgot their night dresses and bare feet, and danced and kissed and frolicked with their adored Miss Althea till they were quite exhausted.

"Well, Althea!" said the little mother, her face now radiant and smiling, "what good wind drifted you to us?"

"Must have been a North wind, I reckon, for the air is right sharp. The fact is, we are trying to get up a big Christmas party. The Colonel has dropped me at your door to use my persuasions with your family, while he is striving to beguile someone else."

"But my husband had to go away on business to-night," and a little droop came to the sweet mouth while telling this.

"Oh, yes," responded the dear girl, "we met him near the depot and told him our errand. He said he knew that you would come, and he should be so happy all day to-morrow thinking that you were with us. Now, dear Mrs. Forest, say you will come. And do you know," she went on, "I should not wonder if you came to us over white roads, for it looks and feels like a hoar frost at least."

Artful Miss Althea! Much as she talked, she did not tell that the plan for the Christmas party had been conceived in her brain while she and her brother were talk-

ing to Mr. Forest of his unexpected journey. "Then we will certainly come if Papa has accepted. And gladly, too," said the smiling mother, "for we expected a dull day to-morrow."

The children were merry and bright over the good news. A day at Colonel Du Plessy's! Ah! The joys it suggested! Dear old Mammy threw more logs on the fire, grew two or three shades brighter in complexion and hastened down stairs to make a good eggnog, "to keep de cold fum techin' dat bressed chil'," and instead of the Bible reading they sang, "When Shepherds Watched Their Flocks by Night," the children joining with their little voices. Before the second verse was well begun, the house servants, a dusky, fervent crowd, had gathered about the nursery door and swelled the chorus in sweetness and richness, till it must surely have reached the heavenly choir.

The evening that had begun so gloomily ended in smiles and merriment. The Colonel came dashing up to the door, calling out for the tardy sister who had so many last confidences to exchange with her friend. Old Mammy went out to the carriage and tucked the robes around Miss Althea with great care. The Colonel took his eggnog, as a stirrup-cup, from the kind, brown hands, and though the horses were impatient, the Colonel managed to call out a merry "Good night, and God bless you," to the little figure in the lighted doorway. Down the carriage drive he drew rein a moment, to call out again, "We expect you to-morrow. Fetch as many of your people as you like. I reckon we could provision an army." And away down the dark road they went, leaving the click-clack of the fleet-footed horses on her ear, but a cheery tune ringing in the heart of the lonesome little woman; and its theme was kindness and love.

The long avenue leading to the front gate was white next morning with a hoar frost and light powdering of snow, a rare occurrence in that warm climate. The chrysanthemums that had been the pride of its borders for weeks were hanging their heads, wilted and forlorn. All the darkies on the plantation were up at daybreak; the cabins were astir with life and sport, and there was sound of gay voices, barking of dogs, blowing of horns, crackling of fires and "Chris'mus Gift," "Chris'mus Gift," mingled with "I dun cotched yo'," and roars of laughter. Mammy had her offspring Emmeline scrubbed and scoured within an inch of her life very early, and sent her up to "Mistis and de chillun, fur to call out Chris'mus gift," the supposition being that the person caught, or called to, must give a present. Emmeline generally kindled the nursery fire, and as she started out from the cabin to run up to the house, she was full of her business and her message. Oh! what joy! To catch the children and get the first gift! Alas for human hopes! She spied the snow white ground and trees and was almost overpowered by the discovery. She flew to her mistress crying out:

"Oh Missus! De groun' dun cobered wid powde'd sugar and de rock-bed's tu'ned tuh a frosted poun' cake in de night. Lawdy! I wonder if Santy Claus dun it."

This roused the wakening children who called out gleefully, "Christmas gift, Emmeline." Then had the poor crestfallen little darky to part,—and very reluctantly,—with the two begilded, beflowered sugar hearts, with which Mammy had provided her in case of failure. Or as her plain spoken guardian had put it, "Hyah's dese two hearts, an' yo' must gib 'm tuh de chillun ef yo's fool niggah an' gits cotched."

Breakfast over, the party started for Colonel Du Plessy's plantation. Mamma and the children in the big carryall with Simon Peter at the reins. Mammy, very black as to dress, very white as to stockings and kerchief, with a grand bandanna of red, green and yellow topping her important head, was mounted on old "Popcorn," and Emmeline was up behind her. The youngster was resplendent in a dress of new blue and white striped "domestic," what we now call "bed-ticking," with a long white linen sleeveless apron partially covering it. Her black kinky locks were braided into tight little strips, that tied with

yellow ribbons on either end, looked like a lot of big wasps settling down to work.

"Are you all right, Mammy?" called out Robin, as they started. He was the gentleman of the house now, and was striving to care for all.

"Law, yes, Honey!" And Mammy straightened up, gave Emmeline a nudge that bent the shivering little darky into shape, and off they galloped, old Popcorn distinguishing himself with his unusual friskiness.

Such a greeting as met them at the Colonel's. Everybody came out on the great gallery and a shout of welcome rang ere they reached the gate. The rushing to take off wraps, the warm solicitude for their comfort, and the general air of delight that hailed and surrounded them, sent into the little mother's mind the quaint words of the quaint old poet, "The grace of God, before, behind thee, and on every side enwheel thee round."

Then the dinner came. What luxury and beauty were there! The stately table crowned with holly, and bright with silver, glass and dainty china. And the feast! The roast peacock; the little pig,—a great object of curiosity to the small folk; the turkeys, ducks, and game, all came and went like so many tableaux; and the gracious freedom to the children that permitted them to run out into the great hall, where a roaring pine wood fire made light and cheer for the semi-circle of old mammies gathered about it, discussing earnestly the various charms of their respective charges.

Little Nell was in her liveliest mood; and now that happiness reigned was the merriest maiden of them all, setting the Colonel off in shouts of laughter by her clever mimicry, and causing her Mamma a little pang at heart that her baby was so audacious. Robin went to his mother more than once and laid his cheek lightly against hers, saying, "You are happy now, mother?" or, "Isn't Nellie a funny little thing?" when the saucy child had said something especially bold. As the day wore on, the cold wind increased, and a veto was put on the Forest family's returning.

"No, my dear Madame," said the gallant Colonel, in his gracious way, "your husband would never forgive me if you froze to death on your journey home. Now the way to obviate this—" here the Colonel stretched one hand out toward the genial fire, and the other sought the curls on Nellie's sunny head—"is to remain where you are." There was a chorus of "Yes," and "Why certainly," to which Miss Nellie, copying the Colonel's manner quoted in addition, "To obviate this, remain where you are." The delighted host picked up his saucy little guest, and carried her off on his shoulder, greatly to her discomfort and loss of dignity.

After a while card tables were wheeled out and surrounded with players. In the great hall the young people were dancing to the music of the old gray-haired fiddler. On small polished mahogany tables were great bowls of eggnog, tall decanters filled with ruddy cherry-bounce, and high silver cake baskets containing generous slices of pound, fruit and 'lection cakes—those three substantial delicacies then to be found in every Southern home. Many were the joys of that night. Sweet stolen kisses from beneath the mistletoe. Vows half made, promises half given, to be redeemed with full meaning in the coming new year. When retiring time came, the little people were extremely frolicsome, and it was discovered that frequent sips from eggnog glasses had dispelled sleep and filled them with mischief.

So the good, kind Colonel proposed "Blind man's buff, for all hands." And such laughing, running, breathlessness and fun never were met in house before. At last, tired out, the Colonel, waving his bed-candle, cried, "A merry Christmas to all, and to all a good-night."

"Why, then," said someone, "you must be Santa Claus." And 'mid laughter and jest the merry party picked up their candles and were off to bed and dreamland.

When the little mother knelt to say her prayer a feeling of thankfulness filled her heart. She knew that it had been better to put self aside. That, "It is good to eat, drink, and be merry and kind, for the love of God is the source of all joy, and all good things, and this love is present in the child Jesus."

ELVIRA FLOYD FROEMCKE.

Montreal, Nov. 11, 1896.

Saturday Evening Talks.

AT ALL SOULS CHURCH, CHICAGO.
REPORTED BY E. H. W.

X—How Sin Began.

This lesson is a continuation of the last. The same story which accounts for death accounts for sin, for the origin of death was the penalty of sin.

The lowest type of man has no trouble about his conduct. There is hope for one who sees that he is not as he ought to be. The consciousness of sin bespeaks an awakened and growing conscience. It is only after long, long development that man comes into a sense of shame, a sense of humility. The idea of obligation is a plant of slow growth. The savage first becomes aware of duty to his own tribe, and long after that is awakened he has no conscience to prevent his robbing or killing those a little further removed from him.

The problem of the origin of evil has engaged the attention of man from early ages. Three explanations have prevailed widely among different races at different periods. The most primitive theory was that of an angry deity who had in some way been offended. The second theory is that there are two antagonistic and irreconcilable forces in the universe. The good force protects and serves when it can. The bad force pursues and torments whenever it can baffle the good. In this antagonism of forces we are called upon to take a hand. If we take sides with the good, we may eventually conquer and exterminate the evil. This thought of a dual universe has found its fullest expression in the religion of the Parsis. Ahura-Mazda was the tireless constructor; the omniscient and omnipresent source of all that is good, and Airyaman was the persistent destroyer. Zoroaster taught that religion consists in going into the battle and taking sides with the right. He saw clearly that the forces of good are eternally on the winning side. The Hebrew and Christian theologies are deeply colored with this Persian dualism. Airyaman, the prince of darkness, was the prototype of the Christian devil.

The third explanation is quite distinct from both of these. According to this more modern interpretation of the facts of existence, that which we call evil is only good in the making. It is incompleteness, immaturity. It is simply one stage of existence looked upon from a higher plane. Dough in the pan is bad. It will make you sick if you eat it. But put it into the oven for half an hour and it becomes life-giving. Much of our life is dough. To a member of the class asking what shall become of the dough when it sours, as it often does, the leader replied that though it may be turned aside from the destiny for which the baker designed it, its nature is not thwarted. The sodden stuff can never become good bread, but the chemical forces within it, working on undismayed, are never at a loss to make of it a good something else. Sometime we shall find that life, like matter, has no wastages, and that the forces which seem to work evil are in the long time working out good.

We are in this world at school, always at school, from which we cannot escape if we try. We are sometimes very stupid and make many mistakes, and for every mistake we must pay the full penalty. The things that seem hard are not the vengeance of an angry God or the infliction of a wicked devil, but the correction of the schoolmaster. It is a part of the economy of the universe to put burdens on backs to make them grow strong. There is a never-ending struggle of finite man with infinite but loving exactions. When we begin to suffer remorse for our wrongdoing, we are arriving at that stage in our development where we are awakening to the things we ought to do. Perhaps the greatest difference between primitive man and civilized man turns upon the question of loyalty. The former knows no law but that of his own caprice. The latter has begun to recognize the binding nature of unwelcome ties, the divinity that lurks behind the disagreeable. A woman who has reached up to the loyalty of Dickens' Nancy Sykes, incomplete as was her nature in many ways, is a rare and late development of soul-power. One such has cost more evolutionary force than a thousand Masonic temples. And a woman with a drunken and cruel husband, who holds on to life and duty and bears her burden instead of shirking it, is the stuff out of which the kingdom come is being made. There are those who think the only culture is found within college walls. Those who run away from the schoolmasters of the Almighty in order to get the education they want, often fail, for the time being, to get the culture they need. But sooner or later they must come back to it, for the truant-officers of the universe are on their track. According to the first and second theories of the universe, there are pardons for transgressions, ways of escape from penalty provided. According to the third, there are no lapses.

The Study Table.

Story of A Life.*

"The lives of some literary persons begin a good while after they are born. Others begin a good while before. Of this latter kind is mine," says our author, and what a heredity she had. Both grandfathers, father and mother were learned and literary. Literary ability, however, does not always descend from sire to son. What a pretty picture is that of the mother entertaining her little ones with the stories she had written for them, and illustrated with colored crayon. Of the busy, student father, from whom the best part of her education came, who talked a great deal, "not to us, but with us." These conversations began with early years and took in a vast range of subjects, lasting through the formative period of the children's lives, ending in mutual confidence and trust in maturer life. One can but smile at the thought that only in Andover could half a dozen young girls be interested in theological studies. It will always interest the thoughtful youth wherever a live, sympathetic theologian, with a communicative gift can be found. It was Prof. Park, and not Andover, nor Andover girls. His genius, earnestness, faith in his faith and his gift as a converser. From that course she says she learned to reason with more patience and that the basis of it has been as "solid things underfoot in the sickly swayings of wet sand." She reminisces charmingly. Her experience with Emerson has an amusing side. He must have felt out of harmony in the Andover atmosphere. She gives some excellent advice to young aspirants for authorship and a literary life. "Write if you *must*, not otherwise. Do not flirt with your pen. Emersons phrase was 'toiling terribly.' Nothing less will hint at the grinding drudgery of a life spent in living 'by your brains.' Inspiration is all very well, but 'genius is the infinite capacity for taking pains.' There are some pleasant things about this way of spending a lifetime, but there are no easy ones."

Her work among the fisher folk of Gloucester drew upon her strength and sympathies most deeply, as is very evident from that masterpiece of literature "Jack," which could only come from the heart's core and a burning experience.

It is a joy to know that this noble, earnest woman is mated with a kindred spirit, "who has never hindered my life's work by one hour of anything less than loyal delight in it, and who has never failed to urge me to my best, of which his ideal is higher than my own." S. C. L. J.

Critical Kit-Kats.¹

Mrs. Browning's Sonnets from the Portuguese, Keats in 1894, Edward Fitzgerald, Walt Whitman, Count Tolstoy, Walter Pater, Robert Louis Stevenson, Christina Rossetti, and the two exotics—Torn Dutt and M. José—Maria de Heredia—these are the "shorter and still less obtrusive pictures" offered by Mr. Gosse for place on our crowded shelves. Torn Dutt and Edward Fitzgerald make a rare combination, but the oriental and the orientalist have been for years winking at each other from opposite corners of the book-room, which, by a euphemism is called our library. The Kit-Kit of "Old Fitz" stands out strong in the new setting; but his is no longer an unfamiliar figure—at least in America, where new editions of his Rubaiyat keep pace with the months. The notes on Pater and Stevenson must prove welcome to many, coming, as they do, from one who knew the subjects well. It is interesting, though a trifle disappointing, to learn, that "it would be an error to trace in the imaginary portrait, called *The Child in the House*, a definite picture of the early surroundings of Walter Pater." And one is hardly prepared to learn that the act of composition was "a travail and an agony" to Mr. Pater. Mr. Gosse has brought this strange man into full view—and his personality is more engaging than one had supposed.

"In setting down my recollections of Louis Stevenson I desire to confine the record to what I have myself known and seen," says Mr. Gosse. But it would have been sad, indeed, if Mr. Gosse had failed to recollect a story of Mr. Lang's. "Not having quite enough money to take him from London to Edinburgh, third class, he (Stevenson) proposed to the railway clerk to throw in a copy of Mr. Swinburne's *Queen-Mother and Rosamund*. The offer was refused with scorn, although the book was of the first edition, and even then worth more than the cost of a whole ticket."

W.

**Chapters From a Life*. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. pp. 278. \$1.50.

¹*Critical Kit-Kats*. By Edmund Gosse. Dodd, Mead & Co. Cloth 8vo. \$1.50.

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The Liberal Field.

*"The World is my Country; To do
good is my Religion."*

BARABOO.—We regret to learn that the pastorate of Robert C. Douthit has been unexpectedly closed at this place on account of continuous ill health. The resignation was accepted with great reluctance, and he leaves this beautiful little city with the universal respect of its citizens. He carried an aroma of manliness about with him. The following resolutions passed by the Free Congregational Society of Baraboo, speak for themselves:

Whereas, Rev. R. C. Douthit has tendered his resignation as pastor of the Free Congregational society of Baraboo, owing to decline in health, and

Whereas, The society having reluctantly accepted the same, be it

Resolved, By the members of said society, that we regret, deeply, the necessity of Mr. Douthit's action, and that we are to lose the benefits of his ministrations.

Resolved.—Further, That in Mr Douthit we have found a manly man, one who has always been true to his convictions, that in the principle of the "Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man" lies the great incentive to Christian fellowship, to moral reform and to an enduring civilization.

Resolved, further, That in parting with Mr Douthit, we lose more than our preacher—we lose a brother and a friend, who by untiring devotion, has tried to keep our little family united for religious life and work. We sympathize with him in his failing health and enforced rest, and will rejoice when renewed strength and energy enable him to take up again his work in this or some better place, and we all, from the gray old heads in the congregation to the smallest golden-haired tot in the Sunday school, give to him a regretful, but a loving good bye.

Mr Douthit we believe intends to spend some time in the East hoping to reconstruct his health. May strength soon be his to resume again the work he leaves.

CHICAGO.—The monthly announcement of All Souls Church for January is out. It has the following suggestions of activities past and prospective: "The beautiful Christmas time of the children at the church reached its highest beauty when

the thirteen class trees bloomed and bore fruit in the thirteen meager homes in the settlement district." It refers to the continued prosperity of Miss Shields' Kindergarten at the Settlement; a Saturday morning sewing class; a Sunday afternoon good citizens' meeting; a Helen Heath memorial mantel and some new pictures recently put into place; of an industrial meeting of the resident women where they sew together for each other, mending left off garments, making new garments already cut and fitted at the Tuesday industrial at the Church, and it asks for bolts of canton flannel to be worked up. And we are glad to pass along the last question: Who will help Mrs Kent, the chairman, build this work with some more ten dollar bills? The Sunday evening Dime Lecture Course on Popular Science has proved so satisfactory that arrangements have been made for a course of lectures through January and February by Mr. Jones on "The Early Prophets of English Literature." This will be a sequel to his University Extension course on "The Prophets of Modern Literature," and will include interpretations of Milton, Burns, Wordsworth, Shelley, Carlyle and Mrs. Browning. Last Sunday night at All Souls Church there was a beautiful old carol service, with harp and piano interludes. Next Sunday night Captain Steele, ex-consul at Cuba, is to give a lecture on "The Spaniard and the Cuban." Arrangements are already afoot for the annual meeting and dinner of the society, which occurs on January 14.

There is radical need of a vocabulary of definitions which may be used in the discussion of social problems. I suggest a few:

1. A Tramp.—One who will not work and earn an honest living. Sometimes he sleeps in the police station, and sometimes he lodges in a Paris hotel.

2. A Pauper.—One who is supported by the public. He may be supported in a poorhouse, and he may draw his rations from the "public crib" through an office or a contract.

3. A Thief.—One who steals. Perhaps he picks your pocket while your back is turned to him; perhaps he robs the public from its treasury while you are busy at the store or shop.

4. A Rascal.—One who cheats or defrauds. He is sometimes a gambler who cheats at cards or dice; but possibly he is "one of our best citizens," who stacks the cards or loads the dice which deal him a full pocket

of fat contracts, or turn him three aces of "extras."

5. The Social Evil.—The bargaining of virtue for a cash compensation. This compensation is usually small, but occasionally it is counted in millions or jewels, and is solemnized by a bishop in full regalia.

The reader may begin with this short list, and as he advances in his social studies, he will find it necessary, from time to time, to add the definitions not found in the dictionaries.—F. W. Betts in the *Altrurian*.

Acknowledgments.

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The Humanity of Stones.

BY ABEL ANDREW.

"And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brook,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

Take up a common pebble from the seashore and examine it. There is Man here. There is God here. Here is the In-dwelling! Here is the In-Breathing! It is still damp with the breath of the Great Spirit. This stone is on the road with thee. It is going the same journey thou art going. It forms part of the procession,—the grand procession of life! Why dost thou lag so far behind, my brother? Listen "The first shall be last, and the last first." This is a law of nature.

We have long held our peace like cowards, as we are. Be assured, O man, in the next age—the age of knowledge—the very "stones will cry out" and claim relationship. Even now we hear them whisper: "We are also his offspring." There are "sermons in stones." Listen to them preach! The ideal Christ saw man in the stone. "I say unto thee that thou art Peter." In the Greek *nerpos*—a rock. In the next age we shall begin to inquire "what manner of stones" or rather, "what buildings are these?"

Observe that ravine filled with huge boulders. Nature is able from these stones to raise up children every whit "as good as Abraham." When thou treadest on the common pavement, tread softly, my brother, thou art treading upon men, upon angels, yea, upon gods. What manner of stones, indeed! Yea, what buildings are these. The Master hints more than he says. All things "enter into life" when their turn comes. There are no outsiders. All things are equally holy. "The earth is the Lord's."

The stone is a temple, a veritable "building of God," with altar already raised. Here burns the sacred fire, and the flame never dies out.

The common stone you kick with your foot is "a throne of the all pervading deity." Think of that, profane man, and weep. All things are holy. "Nothing is common." "The earth is the Lord's."

Examine the stones. Pick out your ancestors. Here is our hard-headed father, our cruel stepmother, our rough brothers, and our chaste sisters—cold and smooth! Here are our uncles, our aunts, and our cousins, far removed. Here are our daughters, sweethearts and wives, like the polished corners of the temple. Here is Mrs. Grundy, respectable but somewhat hard. Here is the granite-faced British matron. Here is the skin-flint seaside landlady who waters our milk and purloins our tea, and then lays the blame on the poor lodging house cat. Here is the wife of our bosom, like pure, white marble. Even our mother-in-law is here, a stone of stumbling, a rock of offense, hard as the nether millstone.

(Continued next week.)

A Neolithic Burial Ground.

The discovery at Worms of a burying ground belonging to the later stone age, by Dr. Koehl, the conservator of the Paulus Museum there, is, in view of the rarity of such graves, an important archaeological event, says the London Standard. Up to the present about seventy graves have been examined, or only a part of this burying ground of neolithic man, and already the number of the vessels found, most of them very tastefully ornamented, exceeds one hundred. Not the slightest trace of a metal has as yet been discovered in the graves; on the other hand, the presence of arm rings of blue and gray slate is curious. In the most recently opened graves of women three arm rings made of slate were removed from the upper arm of one skeleton, four from that of another, and six

from the lower arm of a third skeleton. In a man's grave there was on the neck of the skeleton a small conically polished ornament of syenite, not perforated, but provided with a groove for the string. The other ornaments from the graves consist of pearls, mussel shells made in the form of trinkets, perforated boars' tusks and small fossil mussels. These ornaments were worn by men and women alike. There existed, according to this, every kind of ornament, in that time of want of metal, made of stone, mussels and bones. Ruddel and other fragments, which were used for tattooing and coloring the skin, are also frequent.

In hardly a single case was there missing from the women's graves the primitive cornmill, consisting of two stones, the grinding stone and the grain crusher. The men's graves contain weapons and implements, all of stone, with whetstones and hones for sharpening purposes. They consist of perforated hammers, sharpened hatchets, axes and chisels, as well as of knives and scrapers of flint. That there was no want of food is shown by the many vessels, often six or eight, in one grave, and the remains of food found near them, the latter being bones of various kinds of animals. Several successful photographs have been taken of the skeletons as they lie in the graves with their belongings, so that their appearance after a repose of thousands of years can be preserved for all time. Especial value may be attached to these remains, and particularly to the skulls, of the successful recovery of which Prof. Virchow has already been apprised. —*Scientific American*.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven Catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and, therefore, requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address,

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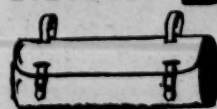
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GEORGE WILLIS COOKE.

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The Broad Gauge

CHARACTER of the Northern Pacific Railroad and its officials is shown in the way it goes about preparing its tourist literature. Each year it issues a new edition of its "Wonderland" book, which is rewritten and contains entirely fresh and original matter. Mr. Chas. S. Fee, the General Passenger agent, believes in letting people know what a great country they have out there, and Mr. Wheeler, who writes these books, delights in hunting out new places and going through new experiences for the public's benefit, even at the risk of his neck. For instance, in 1894 he climbed Mt. Rainier, on the Pacific Coast, between 14,000 and 15,000 feet high, and related the story of the ascent in Sketches of Wonderland, published in 1895. In 1895 he made a terrific climb in the Bitter Root Range in Montana, to hunt wild goats so that the sportsmen of the land might know where to go for such game. That a railroad company is ready to bear the heavy expense of such trips and a man is willing to make them for such purposes, is evidence that the books will be read as we well know these are. Send six cents in stamps to Mr. Chas. S. Fee, St. Paul, Minn., for Wonderland '96, and enjoy it as we have.

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CHURCH OF THE MESSIAH (Unitarian), corner of Michigan avenue and 23rd street. W. W. Fenn, Minister.

At MASONIC HALL, 276 Fifty-seventh Street. Rev. W. W. Fenn preaches each Sunday afternoon at 4 o'clock.

CHURCH OF THE REDEEMER (Universalist), corner of Warren avenue and Robey street. T. B. Gregory, Minister.

ETHICAL CULTURE SOCIETY, Grand Opera House, Clark street, near Randolph. M. M. Mangasarian, Minister.

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ISAIAH TEMPLE (Jewish) Oakland Club Hall, Ellis Avenue and 39th Street, Joseph Stolz, Minister.

K. A. M. CONGREGATION (Jewish), Indiana avenue and 33rd street. Isaac S. Moses, Minister.

OAK PARK UNITY CHURCH (Universalist). R. F. Johannot, Minister.

PEOPLE'S CHURCH (Independent), McVicker's Theater, Madison street, near State. H. W. Thomas, Minister.

RYDER MEMORIAL CHURCH (Universalist), Sheridan avenue and 64th street. Sunday services 11 A. M. and 8 P. M.; Sunday School, 9:30 A. M.; Young People's Christian Union, 7 P. M. Devotional Meeting, Wednesdays at 8 P. M. Rev. Frederick W. Miller, Minister; residence, The Colonial, 6325 Oglesby avenue.

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH (Universalist), Prairie avenue and 28th street. A. J. Canfield, Minister.

SINAI CONGREGATION (Jewish), Indiana avenue and 21st street. E. G. Hirsch, Minister.

STEWART AVENUE UNIVERSALIST CHURCH, Stewart avenue and 65th street. R. A. White, Minister.

THIRD UNITARIAN CHURCH, corner of Monroe and Laflin streets. J. Vila Blake, Minister.

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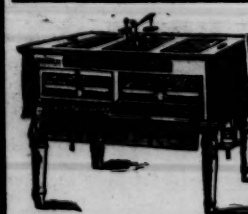
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